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DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER I.



THE DOCTOR.

IN a shabbily furnished sitting-room belonging to a house let in apartments in the Rue St. Hilaire in Paris, sat Eugénie Lacour—and in all France a more lonely and forlorn little figure could not have been found that bright, sunny day.

Three days ago her father, Monsieur

Rotraud Lacour, had been carried thence to his last resting-place in Père-la-chaise, and Eugénie, "little Génie," as he had always lovingly called her, was all alone in the world, an orphan and very poor.

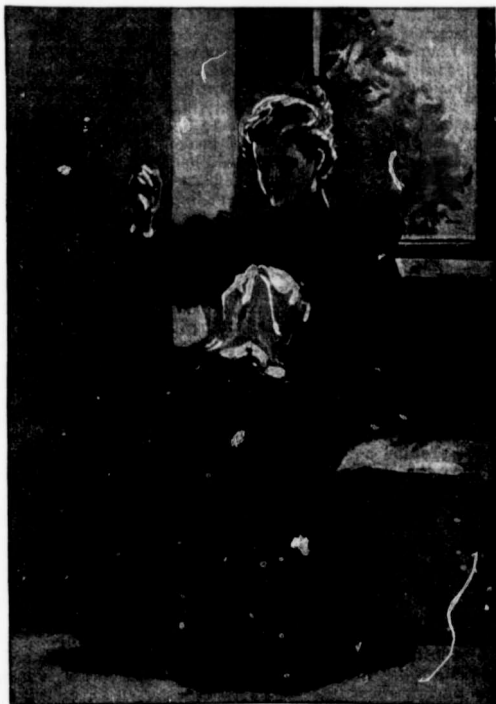
Rotraud Lacour had once been a successful painter; his pictures had taken important places in the Salon, and had sold for high prices, but, like many of his kindly profession, he had been imprudent and generous to a fault, sharing every piece of good fortune which befell him with the impecunious, happy-go-lucky friends surrounding him. It is probable that if his young wife had been spared to him, she might have saved something out of the good times for their child; but she died when Génie was only seven years old, and her little daughter's recollection of her was not altogether happy.

Madame Lacour was a Swiss and a very ardent Protestant. Her friends blamed her for marrying a French painter who, if he was anything, was a Roman Catholic; but she asserted that he belonged to no

Church whatever, and possessed only a sort of primitive Christianity which cared nothing for dogma. He made no objection to little

Génie being brought up in her mother's creed, and even years after that mother's death, when he found it advisable to move from the South to Paris, he chose a street close to a small French Protestant quarter, inhabited by a Huguenot congregation whose privileges had survived the St. Bartholomew, probably trusting that among these survivors of a persecuted race room might be found for his child should anything happen to himself.

In the height of his success Rotraud Lacour had been seized with a slow but hopeless illness, and on being told by



EUGÉNIE.

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his doctor that his days were numbered, he endeavoured to put his affairs in order. To his horrified dismay he found them in a state of dire confusion—a hopeless condition for one enfeebled by suffering to deal with—and for a time he gave way to despondency. He needed much—comforts, and an expensive diet were essential—good wines, luxuries of many sorts. Enough money was left to afford him these things, which had become necessities to him, for a little longer. Génie bravely took possession of the purse. She reassured him whenever painful misgivings assailed him, and though as day after day passed the little capital dwindled away, her bright spirits and tender concealment lulled the mind, more and more enfeebled by illness, into calm.

Two or three days before his death, to his daughter's astonishment and dismay, he suddenly asked to see a Roman priest. In vain Génie remonstrated and implored him to see the *pasteur* of the temple to which she belonged; his demand became more and more urgent, and Dr. André Féraudy, the young doctor in whose charge he was, told her that she must yield.

The next two days were torture to the poor child. The priest who had obeyed her summons welcomed Rotraud Lacour as a stray sheep returned to the fold. He was very kind, and it was her own feeling, not his wish, which banished her from her father's bedside when the last solemn rites of the Church were administered to the dying man, reconciled with religion on his death-bed.

In an outer room Génie knelt, weeping with all the passion and fury of her seventeen years; and here Dr. André found her, and understood the bitterness of her trouble. He was very kind, very gentle. He himself belonged to her faith; he had devoted his life, his fine talents, his prospects of fortune to his Huguenot quarter, but the experience of life, familiarity with suffering, all had taught him to be larger-minded and more charitable than the poor trembling girl. He told her that when the instinct of religion is lost in long years of godless indifference, when the moment of its reawakening comes, the mind reverts to the earliest days of its innocence, when all that is pure and holy centres round the first faith learnt at a mother's knee.

Génie ceased her passionate weeping as he told her very gently that death was near, and that instead of this strong rebellion against the means, she should thank God for the mercy which had called the sinner to repentance.

Then the door opened, and a kind Sister called her: "Come, my poor child!" and led her in holding her hand tenderly in hers.

Dr. André followed, and his strong arm raised and supported the dying man.

Rotraud Lacour was nearly gone. The last touch of his cold hand, the last look from his darkening eyes sought the golden head bowed in absorbing grief by his pillow.

And now—three days had passed since they had borne him away, and

Génie stood beside the writing-table with clasped hands and strained eyes burning and tearless after hours of weeping. She was wondering what to do next.

Génie was a wonderfully pretty girl, tall and slender, with a delicate little face and large shining grey eyes. Her abundant fair hair was wavy and soft, the light turning it to pale gold.

In her severe black gown, unrelieved by a touch of white, in the stern French fashion of mourning, she looked pathetically young and childish. That very morning Génie had counted her money. There was enough to pay for the rooms up to the end of the week, the wages, and her food, and after that two hundred francs would be left. Eight pounds between her and beggary! It was not strange that Génie's heart should sink. All through her father's illness she had been so brave, so bright; but now there was no longer any reason for bearing up bravely—that was all over—and it seemed to the desolate girl that there was nothing left to live for.

Génie had already had two visitors. On the day after her father's death came the old priest who had visited him. He had come in and spoken very kindly to her, inquiring into her plans and means, and leaving her with kind but vague promises of help. The help was offered the very next day. A lady called whom she had never seen before, who introduced herself as a friend of the good priest. She brought substantial offers—a home in the Convent of the Naivité, a free, happy home, where her duty would be to teach little children, orphans like herself. There was but one condition attached. Génie must at once submit to a course of instruction before joining the Church of Rome. Her kind patroness sat with her a long time, and with earnest words endeavoured to persuade her to accept. For a moment Génie felt an intolerable pain in refusing. It seemed such a haven of rest that was offered to her—the sheltered home, the little children, the gentle, cheery nuns! But she did not hesitate, though the tears streamed down her face as her new friend turned away in sorrowful disappointment.

The dreary room with its garish yellow velvet chairs and bare floor looked uglier and more homeless than ever; but she braced herself up and thought bravely that she, even little Génie Lacour, might claim now to have suffered for her faith.

Génie wrote to the *pasteur* for help and advice. He was a remarkable and well-known man, so much beloved in his ministry that in the Huguenot quarter he went by the name of Father Nicholas. Unfortunately at the moment he was away from home. He had left Paris for a hard-earned holiday, and had gone down to his own family in the Midi. When he received her letter a week later in his far-off mountain village, she had left Paris.

As Génie stood thinking, her door opened and the mistress of the house came in. She was a good-natured stout woman, and her first movement was to

take the lonely girl in her arms and embrace her warmly on both cheeks. Then she began to speak very volubly. Some ladies had been to see the rooms; they would take them at once if mademoiselle would have the goodness to say when it would suit her to leave them. If she would not mind the change, there was a little room she could have on the ground-floor. She would not incommode mademoiselle for the world, but it was such a chance letting one's rooms like this in the beginning of the fine season when everyone was going to the sea-side!

Génie said imploringly, "Give me until Saturday, madame, and then let the ladies come."

"Yes, Saturday would do quite well," said the good lady, and meanwhile, if there was anything in the world she could do for mademoiselle, it would be a favour to let her know.

She was interrupted by a sharp knock at the door which made Génie start, while her landlady opened it with a flourish and showed in Dr. André Féraudy.

The expressive face of the young doctor showed some dissatisfaction when he saw that Madame Manche was present, but she would not see it. It was all very well for Monsieur le Docteur to call when Monsieur Lacour was under his care, but there was no longer any occasion for his visits; and with all the instincts of a chaperon aroused, Madame Manche seated herself by the window and took her knitting from her pocket.

Génie went forward timidly.

"It is good of you to come, monsieur. I—I have already written to you to thank you for all your goodness to my father, but," she faltered, "I cannot express what I feel."

"I have done nothing to deserve thanks," said the young doctor hastily. "I should have called to ask after you before, but I have been much occupied."

"Ah, poor Madame Lepel!" said Madame Manche. "How is she? I heard that there was no hope?"

"She is better—she will live," he said eagerly. "These are the things which brace one to do anything."

Génie's eyes filled with tears.

"I am very glad," she said brokenly.

"A doctor's work is hard," said Madame Manche, bending over a refractory stitch in her knitting. "I will be bound to say that you were not in bed last night, nor the night before!" she added, looking at his face, which was haggard from watching and anxiety.

"Ah, bah! I shall sleep to-night," he cried gaily.

"Who is this Madame Lepel?" said Génie.

"She is the wife of a stone-mason, and has six little children," said Doctor André.

"Ah, they may well call you *le petit médecin des pauvres*," cried Madame Manche. "But after all, my friend, that is not the road on which one picks up gold and silver."

André turned away.

"And now, mademoiselle," he said

gently, "have you made any plans yet?"

She raised her eyes, and he saw a frightened look in them.

"Not yet; I—I have not had time."

"Because I have something to suggest to you—something which might perhaps suit you."

Madame Manche looked up sharply.

"Mademoiselle Lacour does not leave me until I am satisfied with her prospects," she said.

Génie gave her a grateful look.

"If I can find any occupation—a work within my powers," she said.

"Would you read this letter?" said André. "But first let me explain. The lady who writes is my aunt, Madame Féraudy. She has heard about you. She lives altogether in the country; she has means, she is even rich, and she is a widow. But read; this morning she sent me this letter which I am to give to you. Mademoiselle, she is very good, and when you have overcome a little outward stiffness she is kindness itself. I ought to know, for she brought me up, and she never let me miss my mother."

Génie sat down and opened the letter, and André walked up to the window and looked out, so as to leave her to read it undisturbed.

At first it did not seem very legible, for it was written in very pale ink on transparent paper, but Génie's eyes grew accustomed to the sharp sloping handwriting, and she read—

"DEAR MADEMOISELLE,

"I have heard much about you from my nephew André, and of the devoted way in which you have for so long nursed your amiable and greatly lamented father. I have also heard that you have not fixed upon your future home: therefore I wish to make a proposition to you. I will explain. The house which I inhabit faces the south, having several rooms looking on the sea, both bedrooms and sitting-rooms. On the side which I myself prefer, the rooms face the east and look on my *basse-cour*, beyond which lie the stables, the coach-houses, and the cow-houses. In the *basse-cour* I have quite a farm—cows, horses, a pig, goats, rabbits, hens, chickens, turkeys, pigeons. Quite close to my house is a cottage inhabited by a good couple and three children, all in my service. As for my household, I have only with me at this moment a cook, or rather a *bonne-à-tout-faire*, brought up in the village, who, in addition to her housework, devotes her time to the garden, gathers fruit and vegetables, and takes care of the flowers.

"For myself, mademoiselle, I have an ambition, and that is to be a good farmer. I am up at five o'clock, downstairs at six to see the milking of the cows and goats, measure the milk, see and feed the chickens, hens, turkeys. All this amuses me, and without it I should not care to remain in the country.

"But let me come to the point. I confess that I suffer both in health and spirits for want of a fellow-creature—a second self. For many years, by an amiable attention of Providence, I possessed this blessing in a dear friend

and companion, but she was taken from me, and now I miss it all the more. I am much: I am seventy years old. I feel that a little interruption in my many occupations, say a holiday on Thursdays, the possibility of rising sometimes as late as seven o'clock with the knowledge that a second self is looking after things in my place. This would do me good and give me pleasure.

"The property is very large. It is all I can do to walk round the meadow which stretches between my house and the coast of the sea. It measures without including the garden more than one hectare. The whole comprises thirty-one hectares of sea-shore, meadow, wood, and garden. At the end of the garden there is a charming harbour looking seawards, and having a good view of the statue of St. Anne—an exquisite figure erected on the cliff which can be seen from far out at sea.

"The town of Quinton is about six miles distant by road and four by foot-path. By a bridge across a splendid ravine I am only ten minutes' walk from a village called Poinville, where we have a Protestant temple dating from great antiquity.

"You will understand that the fact of your belonging to a long persecuted faith gives you in my opinion a claim on my care and affection, which I beg of you to remember. Now, shall we understand each other? Mademoiselle, I listen to my own presentiments, which tell me that you could be happy with me in this quiet busy life. May I, however, confess to you that I am afflicted with a shyness and reserve which may lead you to believe me to be unsympathetic? If by the simplicity and frankness of your character you can overlook this defect, we shall soon know each other well.

"This is a very long history. Will you tell me when you are disposed to come to me? I will do my utmost to make you happy. You see from this account that I am a great worker. Indeed, my object is to imitate the wise woman of Scripture. This need not prevent hours devoted to reading and innocent amusements, but you will readily perceive that I am not in a position to act as a great *châtelaine* and receive visitors who care only to amuse themselves and watch me working. Adieu. Receive, dear mademoiselle, the assurance of my kindest sentiments.

"LAURE FÉRAUDY."

Génie put down the letter and looked up at Dr. André with a smile. He came back to her with a glad look in his eyes.

"It is frank, is it not?" he said. "She is rather original, but the kindest creature in the world when you understand her ways."

"May I show it to Madame Manche?" said Génie.

He nodded and took it to the good landlady in the window.

Dr. André stood drumming his fingers lightly on the table. He was so anxious that his kind scheme for poor little Génie's future should be successful that he was impatient.

Madame Manche put down the letter

a little stiffly; she was far too business-like to appreciate its quaint kindness.

"There is no mention of a salary," she said; "and as I gather from the letter that mademoiselle will be expected to be a kind of superior *femme-de-charge*—"

"Madame!" exclaimed Génie, "indeed I am not worth any salary until—"

But Doctor André interrupted hastily. "You are quite right," he said, "but I was coming to that. The salary would be four hundred francs a year, and, far from being a *femme-de-charge*, mademoiselle would be as a dear daughter to my aunt."

"I cried without a moment's hesitation," said Génie. "I accept the home and the kindness, but not the salary, until I feel myself useful enough to earn it. The letter delights me, the country, the flowers, the sea, the kindness above all!" and the tears rushed into her grey eyes.

"Poor child!" said Madame Manche, softened both by the four hundred francs and the emotion in Génie's sweet face.

Doctor André was intensely glad and thankful. Génie was quickly herself again and eager to settle everything without delay.

"How soon can I start?" she said. "This week? I shall have very little to buy, some aprons with large pockets to hold the chickens' food, a large sun-bonnet also."

"Will this do?" said Dr. André with some hesitation, for he did not know what the landlady would say. "On Friday next I am going down to Féraudy for a few hours. If mademoiselle would allow me to have the honour of escorting her there, I could introduce her to my aunt and take care of her on the journey."

Génie glanced doubtfully at Madame Manche; the arrangement would take from her all the pain and dread of facing a new life without one friend by her side. To her great relief, the good lady accepted the proposal with alacrity.

"An excellent plan," she said, "and one that will relieve me of all anxiety. I am very glad," she added, rising and putting away her knitting. "This whole plan has been arranged by Heaven. It will provide you with a home, my dear young demoiselle, and lift from my shoulders a responsibility which I must confess that I dreaded."

Génie turned to Dr. André and held out her hands impulsively.

"The good God will reward you," she said. "He only knows how lonely I am. How can I repay you?"

"By becoming a good *intendante* to the aunt of this our friend," said Madame Manche a little sharply. "After all, my dear, it is wonderful how much money can be saved by wise economies and close supervision. It will be in your power to do much."

"I will do my utmost," said Génie earnestly.

They settled that Dr. André was to call for Génie at eight o'clock on the following Friday, and he went away, running through the streets as fast as he could run to save the time he had spent in the Rue St. Hilaire.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO WRITE VERSE.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

PART I.

INTRODUCTORY. FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS ONLY.



WHAT is verse as distinguished from prose? The answer is not simple. Most of us, probably, would be disposed to say that whereas prose is governed by no other

rhythmic law than the satisfaction of the writer's individual ear, verse is governed by laws of metre. But this decision is more satisfactory in theory than in practice. *Jarvis and Jarvis* was governed by laws of Chaucer, and yet there was some difficulty in getting it settled. If such lines as those of Walt Whitman, of Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, or of Macpherson's *Ossian*, are to pass current as verse, it would be very difficult to reject as illegal tender the prose, so called, of the Litany of the Church of England, of Raleigh's apostrophe to death, or of many a subtle verbal movement in Browne's *Religio Medici*.

It seems that in Art, as in Nature, the line that separates two kingdoms is shadowy and faint. Between the realms of the vegetal and the animal there is a borderland—a doubtful tract whence at length emerges on one side the obvious animal, and on the other the obvious vegetable.

So it is in these realms of prose and verse.

To which kingdom are we to refer these glorious words of Balaam's prophecy?

"Balaam the son of Beor hath said,
And the man whose eyes are open hath said,
He hath said which heard the words of God,
And knew the knowledge of the Most High,
Falling into a trance, but having his eyes open . . .

I shall see Him, but not now;
I shall behold Him, but not nigh;
There shall come a star out of Jacob
And a sceptre shall rise out of Israel,
And shall smite the corners of Moab
And destroy all the corners of Sheth."

Or this exquisite passage from William Sharp's "Clouds":—

"As though the dead cities
Of the ancient time
Were built again
In the heights of Heaven,
With spires of amber
And golden domes,
Wide streets of topaz and amethyst ways;
Far o'er the pale blue waste,
Of purple-shadowed,
Of the Agro Romano
Rises the splendid city of Cloud."

Both passages are poetry—of that there is no doubt; for the essential fact in poetry is a certain elevation of thought or keenness of emotion. Whether the altar and the wood be

raised by prose or verse, when once the fire falls from Heaven, poetry is there. But whether we should call the passage prose or verse would depend upon a definition which most of us would feel to be arbitrary and exclusive. Let us not tie our hands with that. Now to which kingdom should this be assigned?—

"We are alarmed into reflection;
Our minds are purified by terror and pity;
Our weak unthinking pride is humbled
Under the dispensation of a mysterious Wisdom."

And, for the last time, this:—

"Children in the withering wind
Are like the soft golden-pink roses
That fill the barrows in Oxford Street,
Breathing a southern calm on the north wind."

The penultimate extract is from Edmund Burke, and the last from Mrs. Meynell. She, let us note, is the exquisite essayist for whose work Coventry Patmore has advanced this claim—that it exhibits in eminent, and almost pre-eminent, degree the step of prose as contrasted with that of verse.

I owe so much to Coventry Patmore—poet whose touch turns all the gross world to spirit—that I cannot dispute his judgment without regret. But here I must believe him wrong, both in the rule and in the example.

Whenever the music of prose is hauntingly subtle, its cadences, I believe, are orderly and responsive, and very closely allied to the cadences of verse. Exactly metrical such music will not be, but its trip or its march will always be to time, and often it will reveal itself as in the main dactylic, iambic, or trochaic.

"Sleep, O cluster of friends,
Sleep, or only when May,
Brought by the west-wind, returns
Back to your native heaths,
And the plover is heard on the moors,
Yearly awake to behold
The opening summer, the sky,
The shining moorland, to hear
The drowsy bee, as of old,
Hum o'er the thyme, the grouse,
Call from the heather in bloom.
Sleep, or only for this
Break your united repose."

These lines of Matthew Arnold's are verse. At last we are over the border. Yes, over the border, but not out of the wood. We have passed by imperceptible gradations to a place where metricality is clearly and decisively present; and that being present, we have admitted the quality of verse. But if metre makes verse, what makes metre?

At the beginning of this century we should have got an answer glib and confident enough. Metre, we should have been told, obeys the laws of prosody, and prosody is an arrangement of syllables according to quantity, or being long or short. Now we should accept that answer only to a question about Greek or Latin verse; and an informant would feel how inadequate his statement was as explaining the principle that underlay the practice. Verse obeys the laws of prosody. Yes; but are the laws arbitrary, or the expression of eternal right? Obedience follows the *bâton* or the bayonet; but after the street is cleared the question may remain obscure. The nomenclature of prosody is so firmly fixed in English verse that we shall be compelled to understand and even to adopt it.

None the less, the "long and short" of the matter is a great way from the conclusion.

At the root of all verse lies, not prosody, but another great principle.

That principle was enunciated by Coleridge in the volume containing "Christabel." That piece of almost perfect music was composed in lines which, according to the old rule, would have been called irregular. Their syllables varied from seven to thirteen. Their arrangement of longs and shorts was hopelessly confused. It shook prosody up in a bag. Yet Coleridge maintained that his verses were not properly irregular. The fact was, he argued, that hitherto English versification had been falsely systematised. It had been described by its accidents: never logically defined by its genus and its differentia. The heart of English verse—circulating the blood into its feet—was accent. Obedience to certain metrical rules was capable of giving pleasure by satisfying the expectation of the ear. But what underlay all arbitrary form was accent.

Take a few lines of "Christabel," and see how the theory works:—

"They passed | the häll, | that êch | oes still,
Päss | as light | ly äs | you will! |
The bränds | were flät, | the bränds | were
dýng, |

Amid | their öwn | white äsh | es lýng; |
But when | the lá | dy pássed, | there came |
A tóngue | of light, | a fit | of flame; |
And Christ | abel säw | the lá | dy's eye, |
And nö | thing else | saw shé | thereby, |
Save the böss | of the shield | of Sir
Lé | öline täll, |

Which húng | in a rús | ty old niche | in
the wäll. |
O söft | ly träd, | said Christ | abél, |
My fá | ther sél | dom sléep | eth wél." | *

Excellent, I think. The general fabric of the verse is octosyllabic—four feet of two syllables each; and these feet are what are called iambs, that is, they are made of a short syllable followed by a long syllable:—

"They passed | the häll, | that êch | oes
still." |

But in the second line the number of syllables is reduced to seven, the first foot having instead of an iamb, " ", a long syllable:—

"Päss | äs light | ly äs | yö will." |

And in lines 9 and 10 the syllables increase respectively to twelve and eleven, while the character of the verse is altered. It becomes less neat and trim; louder and fuller. Its movement changes, indeed, from a trot to a canter.

Such verse is called anapestic, and in this case it is made up of four anapæsts, though in the second line the opening foot has one syllable short:—

"Säve the böss | öf the shield | öf Sir
Lé | öline täll, |
Which húng | in ä rús | ty öld niche | in
the wäll." |

But while the syllables and the quantity,

* It must be confessed that the second line of this passage might, with perfect reason, be scanned another way:—

"Päss as | lightly | äs you | will."

I think, however, that the metrical feeling of a line is best brought out when we give full weight to the pauses, and the pause here is certainly after "pass." It should also be noticed that something analogous to the musical key obtains in our scansion of verse. It is the first line of any passage that generally sets the key. In many cases of quantitatively irregular verse the transposition of the first two lines would involve the re-scanning of the whole passage.

according to the system of longs and shorts, vary so greatly, the accents remain constant: throughout the passage they are uniformly four.

Until quite recently, nearly everybody was persuaded that Coleridge had authoritatively proclaimed a truth that almost every writer of verse had felt and obeyed. Often the writer believed he was setting law at defiance, but in truth there was a law of music in his ear which made it will respected. Nursery rhymes and old ballads had a forward way of satisfying the ear which cultured verse had disappointed. The most melodious of all lines were lines that would not scan. And now here was Coleridge snapping the chains of prosody, and giving a freeman's rights to every English ear. Happily that enfranchisement has not been withdrawn. And it cannot be. British bards never, never will be slaves. But, all the same, the last word about the differentia of verse has not been said.

Mr. T. S. Omond, in a very thoughtful and a very careful investigation of English verse-structure, brings forward a new theory. The primary law of English metre, according to this expert, is not syllable, and is not accent, but is period. I think that we may resolve that expression into time or beat. If we imagine a conductor's baton falling to mark each of these beats, we shall have a clearer notion of the word's significance than if we leave it veiled in the haze of such a word as period. I imagine that Mr. Omond finds at the root of the whole matter a musical relationship—that verse would occupy much the same position as music studied without an instrument.

Now I think that we have all implicitly yielded, without knowing it, a certain sanction to this theory. The rigour of foot or of syllable has continually been set aside by the great metrical masters. Less frequently, the rule of accent has been suspended. But while these freedoms with most writers were so exceptional as almost to imply a normal

bondage, there have been one or two writers who deliberately have founded their metrical scheme on something apparently without the domain of accent. The most notable of these writers is Miss Christina Rossetti.

Mr. Omond, if he sought for examples of his theory, could find none so convincing in their music as the songs of that delicate lyricist. Certainly these appear to rely upon beat, and on syllable and accent only as they form ingredients in time or beat. But to my mind their evidence tells in the opposite direction to that of his theory, and really throws us back upon accent.

Wherein resides the pleasure which the ear derives from these periods?

I think it is composed of two elements—(1) the satisfaction of expectation, (2) surprise.

Whenever we read such lines as these, we have before us, consciously or unconsciously, a framework of metre:—

"As I lie dreaming,
It rises that land;
There rises before me
Its green golden strand."

And this, I think, is the framework:—

"As I lie a- | dreaming, |
Rises | up that | land; | |
Rises | up be | fore me
Green and | golden | strand." | |

All the variations which throw the beat backwards and forwards—all the suppressions or additions—give us pleasure by the ingenuity with which they partly evade, partly fulfil, the expectation of the ear.

In another instance—Mr. Allingham's famous melody, "The Fairies"—I think the source of the pleasure is a good deal more obvious:—

"Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men."

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together,
Red jacket, green cap,
And white owl feather."

The first two lines have clearly established the accent of the verse:—

"Up the | airy | moun- | tain, |
Down the | rushy | glen." |

Every variation is a surprise—a little difficulty instantly met and overcome. The feet march on, though for a little time the air seems lost in a maze, but is truly, as we knew, safely held all the while. It emerges clearly in—

"Trooping | all to | géther." |

Then we get an exquisite surprise in the shifting of the balance of the verse in—

"Red | jâcket, | | green | cáp," | |

culminating in the masterly suggestion of the normal cadence through the bold slow beat—

"And white | owl's | féather." |

What we expected was a line like—

"White as | owl's | féather." |

Without that expectation there would have been no pleasure.

In all irregularities the great masters of verse seldom leave us without a regularity at the outset. The fabric of the normal verse is clearly set before us. Accent and prosody are brought under our view. And then, when the air, so to speak, is well felt, the variations begin. And none, or few, of these variations are meaningless: some contrast, some harmony, some effect of surprise, is almost invariably intended.

And now I leave the labyrinths of theory, and set my feet upon the highway of practice. In the following papers I hope to give rules, simple and explicit, with only such glance as may be necessary at their origin and reason. It seemed desirable at the outset to show that there is no "Madam How" without a "Lady Why."

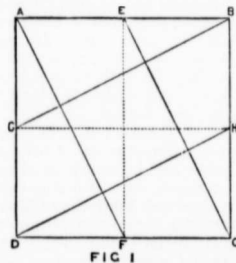
(To be continued.)

SO EASY.

By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

FOUR INTO FIVE.

ALL girls are supposed to be adepts in the use of the scissors, and as far as that use in connection with material for clothing goes we will hope the supposition is a correct one. But scissors can afford amusement as well as proving useful, and it is in this latter capacity we will employ them at the present moment.

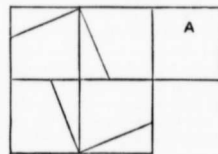


And in place of the dress material all we shall require will be a square sheet of paper. Now if you were to present this square of paper and the scissors to any friend with the request that she would divide the former into four equal squares, she would probably smile at you, and do it at once, but suppose in place of the four equal squares, you asked for five,

a puzzled look would come over her face and she would state her inability to comply. And yet it is quite as easy to form five equal squares as four, when you know how it's done, and this you can easily learn by following the directions and consulting Fig. 1. We will let A B C D represent your square of paper, and mind it is perfectly square, for the after construction will then be much more neat.

The size of the square may be what you like, but four or five inches each way will be quite big enough. Now double the paper over, bring the side A D on to B C and crease it, which gives you the dotted line E F. Opening the paper again, treat the side A B in the same way, bring it on to D C, and you get the dotted line G H. Now if you only want to divide your original square into four, follow the dotted lines with the scissors and the thing is done, but for five squares you have further preparations to make. Bend the corner A over in the direction of C until the edge of the fold makes a straight line from G to B and then crease it, treat B in the same manner and get a straight crease between E and C, a like performance with the two remaining corners C and D will give you the creases H D and F A. You will find it will simplify matters if you now run your pencil over these four creases G B, E C, H D and F A, as they are the ones along which you must divide your square, the creases E F and G H you can ignore, they are done with, though they are liable to confuse you. Now

if you cut along the pencil marks you will find you have nine separate pieces, consisting of a perfect square, four triangles, and four irregular four-sided figures, and with these you will be able to construct the five equal squares thus—



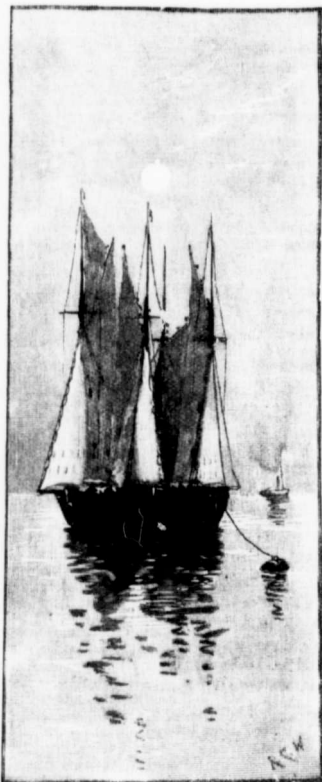
You may now divide the perfect square marked A in Fig. 2 into two pieces just like the other composite squares, which will give you a total of ten separate pieces, and mixing these all together hand them to a friend with the request that a perfect square shall be formed with them.

A girl who is handy with a fret saw could make a much more durable puzzle by drawing out a diagram of Fig. 1, pasting it on to a piece of thin seasoned wood and cutting along the lines with the saw in place of the scissors and after removing the paper finishing off with sand paper.

The crux of the puzzle will then be to form first five perfect squares and secondly one perfect square out of the pieces.

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.



CHAPTER XXVI.

THE sun was shining over the lake of Thun, and the little steamer was puffing cheerily through the water. Behind lay the picturesque town, with its rushing river, and quaint, old-world buildings; in front lay—ah, what a scene of beauty and grandeur! Surely, it were worth while to travel from the ends of the earth to see this marvellous sight. The blue waters, fringed with brilliant foliage; the trees in their autumn glory, the rowanberries making patches of scarlet here and there, the solemn pines capping the mountain height, and at the head of the lake—beautiful, dazzling, majestic—the snow-clad range of Eiger, Monck, and Jungfrau.

In all the beautiful world there can be few spots so beautiful as the lake of Thun, as seen upon a glorious September afternoon!

The passengers on board the steamer displayed a special interest in an English party who walked up and down the deck. A father and three daughters, an elderly lady whose relationship it was difficult to guess, and a young man with a clever, sensitive face, who managed

his crutches with marvellous agility, and who was obviously neither husband nor brother. The girls themselves received a full share of admiration from the French and German visitors who are in the majority in Switzerland in autumn. The eldest was so neat and dainty, with her pretty English complexion, and trim little figure; the tall, dark girl was *spirituelle* and uncommon; while the third had an air *tres chic*, and would have been quite *ravissante* if she had been a trifle less pale and *serieuse*, but even the surprising beauty of the scene seemed powerless to bring a smile to her face.

It was chiefly owing to Mr. Rayner's persuasion that Mr. Bertrand had left Westmoreland on the very day after that fixed for his daughter's marriage. The painful duty of returning the wedding presents had been accomplished, and it was so distressing to all concerned to remain in a place where they felt themselves to be the subject of continual gossip, that they were thankful to get away to fresh surroundings. They had travelled straight through to Thun, engaging sleeping carriages in advance, and had been ensconced for over a week in the hotel on the shores of the lake, taking daily excursions, and resting beneath the broad verandah, while by common consent, no reference was made to the painful events of the past week.

"If we are going away, we must try to get as much good as we can from the change. What is past, is past. There is no use fretting over it any longer," Mr. Bertrand had said, and Hilary found so little difficulty in following his advice and being radiantly happy, that she felt a pang of remorse when suddenly confronted by Lettice's pale face, and reminded thereby of her sadness, and Arthur Newcome's suffering.

Lettice had ceased to cry, but she was very, very silent, and her eyes wore a strained, frightened look which it was sad to see in so young a face. Everyone was studiously kind to her, but Lettice was sensitive enough to feel the effort which lay behind the kindness. Norah alone was just as loving and whole-hearted as ever. Dear Norah! she had been shocked and distressed beyond measure, but how loyally she had kept her promise to help "every moment of the time!" During those two first awful days what a comfort it had been to have her near; to clutch that strong, faithful hand when the others came into the room, and looked at her from afar with cold, sad eyes! Norah was the same, but all the rest had changed. They had been grieved, shocked, humiliated by her behaviour, and though she was nominally forgiven, the chill ring of disapproval sounded in every word they spoke, and Lettice faded like a flower deprived of light and sunshine. Instead of gaining strength by the change she grew every day paler, thinner, and more ghost-like, until at

last her father became alarmed, and questioned her closely as to her health.

"Does your head ache, Lettice?"

"No, father."

"Do you sleep well at night?"

"I think—sometimes I do, father. Pretty well."

"Have you any pain?"

Lettice raised her eyes and looked at him—a look such as a wounded stag might cast at its executioner. She trembled like a leaf, and clasped her hands round his arm in an agony of appeal.

"Oh, father, father! I am all pain—I think of it day and night—it never leaves me. I think I shall see it before me all my life."

"See what, Lettice? What do you mean?"

"His face!" quivered Lettice, and was silent. Mr. Bertrand knew that she was referring to the stricken look with which Arthur Newcome had left the room where he had received the death-blow to his hopes, and the remembrance brought a cloud across his own face.

"Ay! I don't wonder at that, but it will only add to our trouble, Lettice, if you fall ill, and we have had enough anxiety."

He was conscious of not being very sympathetic, but his feeling was so strong on the subject that he could not control his words, and when Lettice spoke again it was with no reference to herself.

"Father, do you think he will ever—forget?—get over it?"

Mr. Bertrand hesitated. "With most young men I should have said unhesitatingly—yes! but I think Arthur Newcome will probably remember longer than most, though I sincerely hope he will recover in time. But at the best, Lettice, you have caused him bitter pain and humiliation, and, what is worse, have shaken his faith in women for the rest of his life."

Lettice gave a little cry of pain. "Oh, father, I want to talk to you. I want to tell you how I feel, but I can't, while you speak in that hard, dry voice! Don't you see—don't you see that you are all killing me with your coldness? I have made you miserable, and have been weak, and foolish, and vain, but, father, father, I have not been wicked, and I have suffered most of all. Why do you break my heart by treating me like a stranger, and freezing me by your cruel, cruel kindness? You are my father—if I have done wrong, won't you help me to be better in the future? It isn't as if I were careless of what I have done. You see—you see how I suffer!" and she held out her arms with a gesture so wild and heart-broken, that her father was startled, and caught her to him with one of his old, fond gestures.

"My poor child! My little Lettice! Heaven knows I have not intended to

be cruel to you, dear, but I have been so worried and distressed that I have hardly known what I was about. You must forgive me, dear, and I will help you in every way I can. I do indeed see that you are miserable, poor child, but that I cannot help. It is only right that you should understand—"

"Father, I don't think you or anyone else can realise how intensely I feel it all. You know I have been a coward all my life—afraid to grieve anyone, always trying to avoid disagreeable things, and now to feel that I have ruined his life—wrecked his happiness! It goes through my heart like a knife whenever I think of it. And his poor, poor face! Father, I am too miserable and ashamed to be sure of

anything, but I do believe it will be a lesson to me all my life. I can never, never be so cruel again! I will never marry now, but I will try to be a comfort to you, father dear, and do everything I can to make up for all the misery I have caused, only do, do love me a little bit. Don't everybody stop loving me!"

Mr. Bertrand smiled to himself as he stroked the girl's soft hair. Small fear that he or anyone else would cease caring for lovely, lovable Lettice; but all the same his smile was more sad than bright.

"I shall always love you, dear," he said, "but, Lettice, try to think less of people's love for you, and more of your own love for them. That is the secret

of happiness! This constant craving to receive love is not far removed from selfishness, when you go down to the root of things. Try to think of other people first—"

"I will, father, I really will; but don't lecture me to-day, please! I feel so low and wretched that I can't stand anything more. I am not—all—all—all—altogether bad, am I?"

Mr. Bertrand laughed despite himself. "No, indeed. Very well, then, no more lectures! We understand each other now, and there are to be no more clouds between us. Off with you into the hotel! Put on your hat and cloak, and we will go for a row on the lake before lunch."

(To be concluded.)



SAUCES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

SAUCES must be mixed smoothly, stirred after the thickening is added and allowed to boil well in order to cook thoroughly the flour or cornflour with which they are thickened.

WHITE SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Half a pint of milk, one ounce of flour, half an ounce of butter, pepper and salt.

Method.—Put the milk and butter on to boil in a small saucepan, saving a little to mix with the flour. Mix the flour, pepper and salt with the rest of the milk and stir this into the saucepan when boiling; stir until it boils again. This sauce can be made with half milk and half stock.

PARSLEY SAUCE.

Method.—Make half a pint of plain white sauce and stir in a tablespoonful of chopped and blanched parsley. Do not let it cook after the parsley is added.

ONION SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Two good-sized onions, one ounce of flour, half an ounce of butter, pepper and salt, half a pint of milk or stock.

Method.—Blanch the onions and then boil in fresh water till tender; drain and chop them; make half a pint of white sauce with the butter, the milk or stock and the flour, and stir in the chopped onions.

BROWN VEGETABLE SAUCE.

Ingredients.—A piece each of carrot and turnip, one onion, half an ounce of dripping, one ounce of brown thickening, three gills of water or stock, pepper and salt.

Method.—Prepare the vegetables and cut them in dice; fry them in the dripping; pour on the water or stock, add pepper and salt, put on the lid and let all simmer three quarters of an hour. Add the brown thickening, stir until it melts and the sauce boils.

LEMON SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One ounce of arrowroot, three ounces of castor sugar, the thin rind of a lemon, one pint of water.

Method.—Let the water and lemon rind simmer for fifteen minutes; add the sugar, take out the rind and add the arrowroot mixed smoothly with a little cold water. Stir until it boils.

CURRY SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One apple, one onion, half an ounce of flour, one dessertspoonful of curry powder, one ounce of butter or dripping, half a pint of milk or stock, a few drops of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of chutney, salt.

Method.—Pare the apple and onion and chop them small; melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the apple and onion, put on the lid and let them cook very gently for fifteen minutes; add the curry powder, flour and salt and let them cook in the same way for twenty minutes. Stir in the stock or milk and let the sauce boil well, add the chutney and lemon juice and serve.

TOMATO SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One pound of tomatoes, two onions, one ounce of cooked ham, one ounce of butter or dripping, one blade of mace, one bay leaf, pepper and salt.

Method.—Slice the tomatoes and onions and put them in a saucepan with the other ingredients. Put on the lid and let them cook gently until the onions are tender. Rub through a sieve, or colander, re-heat and serve.

JAM SAUCE

Ingredients.—Three tablespoonfuls of jam, quarter of a pound of lump sugar, one pint of water, a little lemon juice, cochineal.

Method.—Boil the sugar and the water together and let them reduce to half, add the jam, lemon juice, cochineal and strain.

BROWN SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One pint of stock, two ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, a piece each of carrot, turnip, onion and celery salt, a little mushroom ketchup, a blade of mace, a bay leaf, six peppercorns.

Method.—Melt the butter in a frying-pan, and fry the vegetables in it for ten minutes; take them out and stir in the flour, let this fry a bright brown, taking great care not to let it burn, and stirring often over a rather slow fire; stir in the stock by degrees, keeping it very smooth, pour into a saucepan, add the bayleaf, mace, peppercorns and salt, and put in the fried vegetables; put on the lid and simmer for half an hour, skimming any grease off as it rises; lastly add the mushroom ketchup and strain the sauce.

SHRIMP SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Half a pint of shrimps, half a pint of water, one gill of milk, a teaspoonful of shrimp paste, an ounce of flour.

Method.—Shell the shrimps, and put the shells in a small saucepan with the water; put on the lid and let them simmer for half-an-hour, and then let the water boil until it is reduced to half. Mix the flour smoothly with a little of the milk; strain the water in which the shells have been cooked and mix it with the rest of the milk, bring this to the boil and stir in the flour; cook well and then add the picked shrimps and the shrimp paste; let the latter dissolve and serve.

OYSTER SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One dozen oysters, half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, pepper, salt, a few drops of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of cream.

Method.—Take away the beads and the hard white part from the oysters and cut each oyster in two. Strain the oyster liquor from the shells, put it in a small saucepan and put the oysters in it; bring them to the boil and then remove the saucepan from the fire, or they will become leathery. Mix the flour with a little of the milk, simmer the rest of the milk with the hard white parts and then strain them away; boil this milk with the butter and stir in the flour; when it boils and is thick add the oyster liquor, the oysters, lemon juice, pepper and sauce and cream. Do not let it boil after the oysters are added.

LOBSTER SAUCE.

Ingredients.—A small lobster, or three ounces of tinned lobster, half a pint of milk, one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, a little spawn or cochineal, a tablespoonful of cream, pepper and salt.

Method.—Chop the lobster in half and pick the flesh out of the body and claws; simmer the claws and shells in the milk for twenty minutes; rub the spawn through a hair sieve with a little butter; mix the flour with a little cold milk; strain the claws and shells away from the milk, put back the milk in the saucepan and stir in flour; chop the flesh of the lobster into pieces and add it to the sauce, then stir in the spawn and lastly the cream.

APOTHEOSIS OF THE POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

BY DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LACED HANDKERCHIEF.

If you did not understand the meaning of the word apotheosis, I hope, my dear reader, that you looked for it in the nearest dictionary, and having found it, no doubt you will wonder what in the world it has to do with a pocket-handkerchief. This is only natural, if you know nothing of the early days of the handkerchief; of its degradation before the 15th century, its rise to grandeur and dignity, to the most gossamer of cambric, and the most costly of lace; when it became an article of fashion, an ornament to be worn, and carried in the hand and used on state occasions.

The first word that we find used in English for handkerchief was "muckinder," which was also written "muckiter," and "mockadour." This word has its origin, probably, in the Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, old German, or some of those early tongues; but it exists in Spanish as *mocador*, in Provençale as *moucadou*, in French as *mouchoir*, and in Latin as *muccinum*. So this word, though not at all an elegant one, was probably the word applied to the handkerchief, as used in daily life, from a very early date.

We find this word "muckinder" applied, in its last days, to the handkerchief worn by children and hung to the side. It was generally attached by a tape, so that it might not be lost. This name is found during the 17th century up to the end, when it was superseded by the word "kerchief." When handkerchief was introduced, and that monstrosity, "pocket-handkerchief" came in, I cannot tell. The latter was perhaps inspired by the French *mouchoir de pêche*, but it is quite a needless addition. A recent writer says that this word pocket-handkerchief is one of the most curious compounds in the language. The first form of the word being *kerchief*, from the word *couverchief*, a covering for the head, then we prefixed the word hand, and got handkerchief, a covering for the head held in the hand, but when we use the term pocket-handkerchief we speak of a covering for the head, which is held in the hand, and is kept in the pocket. The words handkerchief, and still worse, pocket-handkerchief, are, says the same

writer, verbal monstrosities. So I hope my readers will begin to use the old word kerchief or at least handkerchief at once.

The word kerchief or chief comes from old English coverchief, and the French *couverchief*, from *couvrir* to cover, and chief, the head. In Scotland a curch is a covering for the head. The word cur, for *courir*, is found in curfew, also in curtain, where it still retains the sense of covering. The vulgarism "handkercher" which is still used amongst us, is found in Chapman in the year 1654, when apparently it was not a vulgarism, but in ordinary use. However, that was a time when many things were in vogue which we should deem worse than vulgar now.

It does not seem improbable that the idea of much decorated and embroidered handkerchiefs came to Europe from Eastern lands, where they have been employed for ceremonial uses from a great antiquity. When presents are given, they must be enveloped in one of these much ornamented handkerchiefs, and they are used at all ceremonials. At what time they were introduced it would be impossible to say, but in the year 1498 the Portuguese began to trade with a part of India, and there was always a certain amount of intercourse with other countries in the East.

We find an allusion to this habit of wrapping valuables in napkins or kerchiefs in our Lord's Parable of the Talents, St. Luke xix. 20.

The earliest historical notice of handkerchiefs is, perhaps, the mention in the Acts of the Apostles xix. 11, of the handkerchiefs which had touched the body of the apostle Paul, being carried to the sick, for their healing and relief from evil spirits. And at an earlier date than this we find the traditional story of the handkerchief of Veronica. Dr. Brewer gives it as follows, "It is said that a maiden handed her handkerchief to our Lord on His way to Calvary. He wiped the sweat from His brow, returned the handkerchief to the owner, and then passed on. The handkerchief was found to bear a perfect likeness of the Saviour, and was called *Vera-Iconica* (true likeness), and the maiden was ever afterwards called St. Veronica. One of



MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S HANDKERCHIEF, 1800.



THE HANDKERCHIEF AND BOUQUET IN 1837.

These handkerchiefs is preserved at St. Peter's at Rome, another in Milan Cathedral."

In the first volume of Chambers' *Book of Days* you will find a representation of this handkerchief, and all that is known of its history. Also, in Mr. Heaphy's valuable book on the true likenesses of our Lord, you will find a notice of it. It is of great antiquity, there is no doubt; and in this way is valuable, as showing the continuance of the traditional type of our Lord's countenance, the hair parted in the centre, and the long and sorrowful face.

The description of it is, that it is a painted cloth, the material being coarse linen. And the illustration shows that it has the scenes of the Crucifixion painted as a border all round it.

The various methods in which the handkerchief has been used would form a chapter to themselves. From those early days in the 16th and 17th centuries, when it first emerged from being a "muckinder," till it was carried in the hand in Elizabeth's reign, we have several mentions of it in old comedies and plays. In Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614, "a wench with a basket of linen" enters in the first scene with various articles for sale; she cries, "Buy some quoifs, handkerchiefs, or very good bone-lace, mistress." Then addressing Spendall, one of the characters, she asks, "Will you buy any handkerchiefs, sir?" to which he answers, "Yes, have you any fine ones?" She replies, "Yes, I'll show you choice, please you look, sir."

At the same date, we find "Silk handkerchiefs" named, "laced round with gold;" and in *Friar Bacon's Prophecie*, 1604, we read,

"Handkerchiefs were wrought
With names, and true love's knots."

Nearly of this period there is another mention and by a more illustrious playwright—Shakespeare—of the handkerchief which performed a fatal part in the tragedy of *Othello*, and that mentioned by the hapless boy, Prince Arthur. In pleading with Hubert to spare his eyes, he asks—

"Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again."

A description of the former is worth reading. It was given, said Othello, to his mother by an Egyptian, or what in these days we should call a gipsy; but later on he says it was "an antique token my father gave my mother."

It was evidently of silk, and was embroidered, and must have been rather large, for it is called "a napkin," as well as a handkerchief. Those were the days when people believed in charms, spells, and incantations, to ensure and to preserve love; and so Othello says this handkerchief had been specially prepared by the gipsy, and would guarantee the continuance of affection, if carefully cherished. We know better in these days, and have learnt that the true charms lie in the beauty and sweetness of character, manners and temper.

The kerchiefs of Plesance belong to the days of chivalry and romance. They were of silk, embroidered, and presented by a lady to her chosen knight, to wear for her sake. He was bound to place it on his helmet, and to defend its possession against every enemy. So in like manner we read of scarves and gloves being placed on the helmet; the first-named being, perhaps, more generally round the arm.

No notice of handkerchiefs would be complete without mention of the Bandana—that importation from the East, which was thought absolutely needful to elderly gentlemen; especially to those who took snuff. Plenty of them are still sold, for there exist people who prefer them to anything else, but fashion has long passed them by. The origin of the name seems rather doubtful; but without question the Indian word is the true source of it, as it shows the peculiar method of their making. This word is *Bandhna*, and it is Hindu, and means a special method of dyeing. The Spanish word *Bandana* is generally quoted as the original term, and this is in its turn taken from the word *Ban-da-la*, which means bast; and the early Bandanas were made, it is said, of bast, which is the inner bark of the lime or linden tree, from which matting and cordage are made. These handkerchiefs have been long made in Europe. The original ones came from India, and were of silk, having white or coloured spots, or diamonds, on a red, blue, or other dark ground. The process of making them seems to have been first practised in India, where the Hindus have understood it from time immemorial. The method adopted was that of binding up with thread the parts of the handkerchief that were to be uncoloured, and then exposing the whole to the action of the dye. The process for making the European ones was invented by M. Koechlin of Mulhausen in the year 1816, and by this method the Oriental ones have been exceeded



THE HANDKERCHIEF AND FAN, 1847.



THE PRE-RAPHAELITE STYLE.

in precision and beauty. And as the process is an interesting one, and in vogue to the present day, I will describe it to you. The pattern, which in the real bandana (or bandanna as the earliest spelling was) is spots or diamonds, is cut out in leaden plates. These are placed at the top and bottom of a thick pile of handkerchiefs, which have been dyed a dark colour, mostly red. Hydraulic pressure is then applied, and the pattern is made by discharging the colour with bleaching liquor, which is run in on the uppermost plate, and passed through all the folds of the fabric. The pressure required to work the pattern clearly is said to be enormous. In England, in the year 1851, the chief seat of this trade was stated to be in the vicinity of London, though it was also pursued in Lancashire, Cheshire and Scotland. The trade in that had been reduced to one-fifth in less than sixteen years; the change in the fashion from coloured silk handkerchiefs for men, to white, having then commenced. On reading over this report an item has suddenly come under my eye, which shocks me dreadfully. In 1700 the chintzes and muslins which were worn by the upper classes, and were beautifully fine, and well printed, all came from India, and they were so popular that they nearly superseded other fabrics, which excited popular clamour against them and all printed fabrics, including the bandannas. The Government of the day actually yielded to the clamour, and passed an Act of Parliament prohibiting the wearing of all printed calicoes whatsoever, an Act which disgraced our English Statute book for ten years! This was in the reign of good Queen Anne, I suppose; though I cannot find the exact date, which is not mentioned in the report. I have been trying to think what people did without their chintzes, but I suppose they returned to woollen and linen, both of which were made in England; gingham gowns were worn in the country at this period, which was a coarse woollen cloth.

The costliest lace handkerchief in the present day is said to belong to Queen Margherita of Italy. It was sent to the World's Fair in Chicago, and is valued at £6000. It took twenty years to make, and three people were engaged on the work. Its lightness is so great that you could not feel its touch, and it can be folded up into the size of a halfpenny stamp.

In San Francisco, some of the millionaires are reported to have their initials worked on their handkerchiefs in diamonds; and I daresay, in any account of a New York trousseau, you would not fail to see the value of the wedding handkerchief marked at £1000, or even more.

We have only one proverbial saying in English, I think, derived from the handkerchief, and that is taken from a game which is still played by children, called "Kiss in the ring." A handkerchief is thrown from one player to another; the one to whom it is thrown carrying on the game. Dr. Brewer also mentions a Norfolk game of a similar kind, and gives a quotation from the *Times*, showing the use of the proverb in a Committee of the House of Commons.

The handkerchief, since the advent of Her Most Gracious Majesty, has gone through several phases and has been much decreased in size. We are the only country, however, where this change has come in, for in Germany and Switzerland those used are as large as ever.

Many years ago, when people now living were young, it was a matter of pride to be considered not to find it necessary to have resort to a handkerchief at all. I have recently heard a lady say that her grandmother never used a handkerchief—at least, I suppose, not visibly—and in this connection it was amusing to hear, as I did this year, that on the Continent we are considered not to use them, or very little indeed.

"I should never have thought of blowing my nose before my father," said an elderly lady the other day. "He would have been quite outraged by such a thing. We were never allowed, as children, to blow our noses in company." And even to the present day this seems to be the teaching of the well-brought-up English child, and is probably the origin of the small use we make of the handkerchief. Until you live in the house with persons who have not been taught to consider the feelings of others in their use of the handkerchief,

you will never fully estimate what a really disgusting habit it may become—using it otherwise than absolutely silently.

There are several methods of using the handkerchief which are objectionable in the extreme. The first is, rolling it into a ball, and the next is shaking it out before you use it. I cannot think of anything that requires to be so carefully taught to children as the use of the handkerchief, for it seems to be a key to the delicacy and refinement of the character.

As an unfailing remembrance, a knot in the handkerchief seems to be a man's supreme belief; but I do not notice that many women share it. I have known a man to arrive at home with a perfect army of knots, having forgotten the reason for every one. The effort to recall them to his memory taxes the wits of the whole family; but as they are generally acquainted with the grooves his mind runs upon, you may rely on it they will guess nearly all. I am sure you are all well acquainted with the old story of the gentleman who put a knot in his handkerchief to remind him to propose to his wife, or rather the lady he wished to make his wife! And I have always wanted to know how the story got.

The illustrations will show you some of the variations in the use of the handkerchief in society from the early days of the century till now. It used to be carefully unfolded and spread over the front of the best gown in the partaking of a "dish of tea," as it was then called; and I am not sure that they were not refolded and returned to the pocket. The teacups in those days had no handles, and the tea might very easily have been spilt, I think; and the company rejoiced in hot buttered toast and such muffins and crumpets as we can only dream of.

After this there came a time when the handkerchief was held in the hand; being



HANDKERCHIEF IN THE GIRDLE.

taken delicately by the middle and shaken out so that it looked even as to the corners and the embroidery and lace was properly visible. The fan and the bouquet were its accompaniments in general; and you may see, in the sketches of those days, how much was made of this part of the apparel.

I have several of these old handkerchiefs in my possession, and they are veritable wonders in the way of needlework and fine stitchery. Valenciennes lace was that most generally chosen for their decoration. Indeed, in those days, a gentlewoman thought there was nothing possible in the way of trimmings for her linen but cambric frilling or Valenciennes lace, or both together.

Then there came a time when the handkerchief was carefully stuck into the front of the dress in such a manner that the pretty corners showed; and later on it was tucked in under the waistband, and the ends fell below it on the skirt. Then followed a season when it was severely left to its proper uses, and it was not the thing even to take it out at afternoon tea, nor to let people know you owned one at all.

From being twenty-five inches square in the '30's it sank to twenty; and in the '50's and '60's fell to fifteen. To-day we have arrived at a handkerchief of ten or twelve inches square—generally made of the thinnest cambric, or muslin even—and the very last ones seem even smaller, and are constructed of coloured cambrics, the favoured hues being mauve and a pale shade of grey.

We have quite changed, some of us, in our habits of carrying it, and have gone to the army for our examples in stuffing it up the left sleeve. The army, as is well known, is not allowed pockets, and our female sufferers are somewhat of the same nature, for we are only allowed pockets at the extreme back of

the gown, where it is impossible to get at them, especially when the hand changes to be covered with a glove.

Just as I finish this I have made a discovery. Below my window lies one of those encampments formed by the workmen when any reparations are being carried on in the streets. First there is a small wooden house, painted drab, on wheels; then, in front, a confused mass of picks with no handles, machinery in a pile covered up with a black tarpaulin; and, in front of that, a brazier, about two feet high or so, filled with live coals. All round this there runs a fence or barrier made of long poles and cross-trees. It is a kind of London *lager*.

In the space round the ruddy warmth of the brazier are gathered ten or a dozen workmen, who are each supplied with a tin bottle or can, and on the lap of each is spread a red-and-white handkerchief, containing their mid-day meal. This evidently is the correct thing, as every man has the same, and it is also the rule in all the other London *lagers*. So there are clearly fashions even where red-cotton handkerchiefs are concerned!



HANDKERCHIEF IN SLEEVE, MILITARY STYLE, 1896.

VARIETIES.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Father: "Now, see here! If you marry that young pauper how on earth are you going to live?"

Sweet Girl: "We have figured that all out. You remember that old hen my aunt gave me?"

"Yes."
"Well, I have been reading a book on poultry-farming, and I find that one good hen will raise twenty chicks in a season. Well, next season there will be twenty-one hens, and as each will raise more chicks, that will be four hundred and twenty. The next year—even allowing for a few disasters—the number will be eight thousand four hundred, the following year a hundred and sixty-eight thousand, and the next three million, three hundred and sixty thousand. Just think! At only two shillings apiece we will then have over three hundred thousand pounds. Then, dear old papa, we will lend you some money to pay off the mortgage on this house."

THE FUNNY SIDE OF IT.—Take life humorously if you can, not flippantly. There is a wide difference between humour and frivolity; when we have found the difference, we cannot have too much of the former. In particular do women need the leaven of a joyous spirit. Too many are prone to seriousness, which often becomes absolute and pervading gloom.

FLATTERY.—Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived.

A VENOMOUS CRITIC.

"With looks of horror some one said,
The critic Zoilus is dead!
Poisoned! by whom, how, where and when?
By accident; he sucked his pen."

TAKE THE STAINS OUT.

A fashionable lady, in boasting of her new palatial residence, said the windows were all of stained glass.
"That's too bad!" cried her mother.
"But won't soap and turpentine take the stains out?"

IF I WERE AN EMPRESS.

Mr. Whiffle (reading): "The Empress of Austria suffers from insomnia."
Mrs. Whiffle (meditatively): "Well, no wonder. I'm sure if I was an empress I'd be so proud of it I couldn't sleep a wink."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC II.

Adventurer, discoverer, soldier bold,
Who brought a boon more precious far than gold
From foreign climes. His country understood
Its value—it has proved a nation's food.
1. A famous General in Napoleon's time,
Served him in many a battle, many a clime;
Yet after Leipzig his allegiance changed,
And he from Bonaparte to Bourbon ranged.
Then he forgot the faith to Louis due,

And served his ancient Chief at Waterloo.
But after Waterloo's disastrous day,
Again to Louis' Court he made his way.
2. Upon an island in a tranquil sea,
Is seen a town, which was ordained to be
A Conqueror's birth-place; here, without a scar,
He made his first essay at real war.
War followed war; his triumph seemed complete,
For neighbouring countries lay beneath his feet:
And tourist-travellers go to see the town,
Which owes to him its interest and renown.
3. Set, like Jerusalem, upon a hill,
And flanked by mountains rising higher still,
This Cambrian country-town no beauty shows,
Save where of old the Norman church arose;
Whereof, not given to one holy name,
Three Saints at once the dedication claim.
The "Festivals of Liberty," that kept
Alive the memory of those who slept.
4. In death upon the field their valour won,
Well might each matron glory in her son!
5. A most unwelcome visitor I come,
Amid the close recesses of your home:
Oft caused by poverty, more oft by wealth;
But, be that as it may, I tend to health.
6. This was, in olden days, the glorious name
Given to a victor who aspired to fame;
But we, in modern times, require that he
The conqueror not of others but of himself
must be.

XIMENA.

THE SORROWS OF GIRLHOOD.

BY LILY WATSON.

PART IV.

BEREAVEMENT—NEW CHAPTERS IN LIFE.

"'Tis strange that those we lean on most,
 Those in whose laps our limbs are nursed,
 Fall into shadow, soonest lost;
 Those we love first are taken first.
 God gives us love. Something to love
 He lends us; but, when love is grown
 To ripeness, that on which it thrives
 Falls off, and love is left alone."

Tennyson.



N comparison with the subject of this paper the "sorrows" of which I have already written dwindle into apparent—by no means actual—insignificance. It is very hard to suffer from the consciousness of physical defects, from shyness or nervousness, from loneliness, and we have tried to find comfort together for these ills; but when we approach the sanctuary of bereavement, a chill falls upon us; we are in another and a more awful Presence. Those within are, in a manner, sacred, in the mystery of their grief, and it is not fitting for a stranger to intrude too far, even with the most kindly-meant attempts at consolation.

"One writes that 'Other friends remain,'
 That 'Loss is common to the race—,
 And common is the commonplace
 And vacant chaff well meant for gain."

The usual methods of comfort in this, alas! too common loss, are better let alone. Nothing can possibly make up for the loss of a father and a mother, and the consideration that it is in the natural course of things for them to go home before their children, by no means softens the agony of separation.

An irrefragable loss for a girl is the loss of her mother. How often one is driven to say, after association with a motherless girl, "She has grown up without a mother, poor child; that is her excuse." Many a lonely girl cherishes with passionate affection the portrait, the vague memory, of one she can scarce picture to her mental vision, and dreams, "Ah, had she only lived, all would have been different."

In strange contrast with this sacred tenderness is the behaviour of many girls to their mothers who are still alive! It may seem a

digression, but it is worth while reminding daughters who have never known the pangs of orphanhood, that they possess something they ought to cherish as a sacred privilege. Bereavement may, and in all human probability will, come some day; then, while it is still possible to show filial love and kindness, let it be done! It adds a terrible stab to the supreme sorrow of separation to think, "I was not as thoughtful, or dutiful, or loving as I should have been," to the father or mother who is now beyond the reach of the most passionate demonstrations of affection.

When temptations come, as come they may in the friction of daily life, to little acts of neglect, of selfishness, to sharp speeches, to signs of irritation, it is a good plan to pause and think, "How will this look to me when I have to view it with a grave lying between?"

"Oh, the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them; for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings; for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know!"

Observation forces me to the reluctant conclusion that the number of daughters who in some respect or another do not "get on" with one of their parents (usually the mother) is decidedly on the increase. Much has been said and written of late years on the subject of mothers and daughters. I heard a learned and witty Canon quote on a platform the other day, to a hall full of schoolgirls a university allusion to "Parents, who after all, are God's creatures." Perhaps some girl-reader needs to take the hint. A parent cannot be absolutely perfect; as the child grows older, the failings will probably appear that were not seen in the early years of the relationship; but to the child even faults should be sacred. Is the sense of duty growing less among young people, and were parents more beloved and revered in the days when they were stern and (we should now think) even cruel?

These are questions that cannot be debated here, and perhaps I am straying a little from my subject. But the thought of the loss of parents necessarily reminds one that it is as well not to wait till they are gone before displaying filial tenderness.

It is only fair to add that, when the relationship is not marred, it can attain, in the freedom and spontaneity of modern intercourse between parent and child, a charm that is unexampled. Beautiful illustrations of this fact may be found in *Margaret Ogilvy* by J. M. Barrie and in the *Poems* and the *Life* of Christina Rossetti.

To return to the thought of bereavement; one may say to the stricken child that out of her loss may come gain. The great saying, "It is expedient for you that I go away" may have its counterpart in a lower sense between mother and daughter. Has one not seen instances in which the power of independent action, sweetness and unselfishness of character, capacities of work for others, have been developed in an elder daughter solely and simply because the mother has gone? And with all this there may come a sense, for the aching heart, even of a present reunion.

The one solace for bereavement is to strive to live as those who have passed away would wish.

"They mourn the dead who live as they desire."

Excessive indulgence in grief is no honour to the dead, and is an injury to the living.

To any reader then, who has this great heart-sorrow to bear, we would affectionately commend the advice—try and live more as the one who has gone home would love to see you live; do not repress the idea that possibly he or she may look unseen upon your efforts and sympathise in your loneliness; and never think of the parting as final. The love which prompted a mother's, a father's love, is the Love in which we too "live and move, and have our being," and hence we are never severed irrevocably.

I have special sympathy with the daughter who is trying to fill the duties of her lost mother; to be a little mother to the children; to keep her father's house, and cheer his lonely hours. It is a task with difficulties that no outsider can quite appreciate, but in time they will grow less, and the result from the hard, exacting work may be of untold gain—a character of nobility, unselfishness, and beauty that could have been won in no other way.

The second part of my subject, "New Chapters in Life" follows naturally on the other. Only too often the loss of a father means the breaking up of a home, and the departure at least of some of the daughters into the great world, to earn their own living.

The breaking up of a home! What can be sadder, if the home has been a home in the true sense of the term? One sees in imagination perhaps the country vicarage, or the home of any professional man, with its beloved sights and sounds, its cherished garden, its dumb friends; the village, every nook of which is familiar; all on the eve of being forsaken for ever. The daughters, who perhaps have now and again been wont to complain a little of the rural dullness, must perforce take up the real burden of life; one is going out as a governess, another as a companion, a third finds a home with relatives in another part of the country, and so forth. To the misery of losing a father is added the bitterness of separation, the prospect of alien surroundings. What can be more grey and forlorn than the prospect before such daughters? It makes one's heart ache with a useless rebellion against the whole framework of modern society, to think what their young life must appear to them at such a moment.

But even here there is hope, and more hope than at first sight can possibly be discerned.

To begin with, society has improved since the days of Charlotte Brontë, and the stranger in the home is no longer, by people with any pretensions to good breeding, treated with forbidding coldness. The new home may prove just the *milieu* that is necessary for the true development of character. Sometimes the process of division and separation is as necessary for a group of human beings, planted closely together, as it is for flowers. Each can become her own self more truly, can unfold and develop better, at a distance from the others; though the breaking asunder at first is acutely painful.

I have in my own mind a group of sisters, obliged to go out as governesses on the death of their father, a professional man. Without startlingly brilliant attainments each, by conscientiously faithful service, made her own way. One thing led to another and life opened out before each of them; they gained troops of friends, were respected by all who knew them, and passed the last years of their life not only in comfort but in happiness, as well as independence.

But the question of "new chapters in life" must not be restricted to governess-hood or

companionship or the need for earning in any way. Every day one sees or hears of sudden events that change the whole complexion of the world for the young. The first great change to girls who have lived a happy sheltered young life, always brings with it a shock of terror. It seems as if the whole world were altered; as if nothing were ever going to be the same any more. This change in surroundings is often associated with the sorrow of bereavement. There may be no necessity to earn; but the "home is broken up," to use the sad and expressive phrase, by the death of a father, or of the surviving parent.

A generation ago children used to be charmed with *Parables from Nature*, by Mrs. Gatty, and there was one, of exquisite beauty, illustrating the thought "This is not your Rest." Even to the child-heart it brought a hint of the truth that permanence in one order of things is not to be looked for here below; that the change, the parting, which seems so distressing and alarming, may be but one stage of progress towards a higher life. As we grow older, the truth is increasingly felt. We should never, ourselves, break up the loved and familiar circle, interrupt the happy routine; but it may be necessary for our true progress that this should be done, and not only good but happiness may be waiting in the future, all unknown.

For individual needs as for the progress of the world it is well that:—

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,

And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

A ship was leaving the docks for Australia, and with tears and forebodings a group of friends were bidding farewell to an orphan girl who was going across the world. A terrible new chapter in life it seemed, thus to break away from all she held most dear, with no prospect but that of loneliness.

Yet in a few months there came to England the news of one of the most perfectly congenial marriages that were ever solemnised; and the girl gratefully felt: "Had it not been for this

severance and journey into the unknown, I should never have met with this crown to my life."

Another girl was training for a musical career, and had bright hopes before her, when she was attacked by violinist's cramp. Her beloved work was stopped. The chapter in her life was closed for ever. In brave and cheerful hope she began another "chapter," and she became more successful with her pen than she ever could have hoped to become with her violin.

There may not, it is true, always be this happy development of "new chapters in life," but there are always possibilities. "Opportunity, mother of all things," as the Greeks called it, is born of change.

On the first entrance into a foreign *pen-sion*, how unfamiliar the people seem, even though they are compatriots; how one views them with instinctive dislike and feel sure one will never be at home among them! Yet in a few days, how familiar they become; what charming friends are found; what pleasant associations crop up even with those who are not so intimate! Knowledge changes everything. It may be the same with other new surroundings.

What seems forbidding and hopeless grows softened, even if not actually delightful, through familiarity.

Courage, hope, and trust—these taken together, make up a priceless amulet.

If any one of my readers who has shortly to enter upon some new chapter in her life, is looking forward to it with dismay and apprehension, let me try to comfort her. Possibly, may probably, it will not be half so bad as she thinks. The unknown is often terrible, but as it draws close, a pleasant countenance may be descried beneath the veil. Then, though it is not in one's own power to compel circumstances to be exactly as one likes, it is in one's power to do the right.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,

So near is God to man,

When Duty whispers low, Thou must,

The youth replies, I can!"

Let my girl-friend then brace herself up to meet that which is to come, and try, if she can, to profit by the experience of the sage who had lived.

"No longer forward nor behind,

I look in hope or fear,

But grateful take the good I find,

The best of now and here.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay

Aside the toiling oar,

The Angel sought so far away

I welcome at my door."

Ah! you say, that is all very well; but it is difficult when one is young, and one's life seems entering upon a phase that is repellent and dreary.

It is hard, and I sympathise with all my heart with the girl who thus feels. But it is to a wonderful extent within our own power to make the immediate surroundings of our own lives.

"The meek shall inherit the earth," is a deep as well as a Divine saying. The proud and wilful, who resist and rebel at every turn, who think of their own pleasure first, find life bitter. The "meek"—those who in no craven spirit can efface their own personal demands in the presence of a larger need, can submit themselves readily to what duty requires, find pleasures undreamed-of lying close at their feet. There is in Ruskin's *Modern Painters* a beautiful passage, which I have quoted elsewhere, on this very subject.

Dante knew himself the bitterness of having to mount and descend alien stairs. Yet there is one line in his great poem which may be commended to all who are perplexed about the secret of living.

An angel when questioned as to whether she is satisfied with her position in a lower sphere, replies thus:

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace," which is, being translated:

"In His Will is our Peace."

DOROTHY EVANS; OR, PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH.

CHAPTER I.



"H, Dora, whatever made you think of doing such a thing?"

Dorothy Evans, kneeling by the open window, looked up at her sister who was carefully packing clean linen into an open drawer, and answered with a deprecating smile—

"You know,

Hilda, I was always fond of writing; it didn't seem so very presumptuous, when I had often succeeded in school themes, and things of that kind. Besides, if I do fail, it will not be very dreadful; no one need know."

"Didn't you tell father, then?"

"Yes, of course. I asked him if he had any objection to my trying; but you know the absent way he has sometimes; he smiled and said, 'not the least,' and I really think he hardly understood what it was that I had asked him about."

"I am not sure that I understand myself, even now," said Hilda. "You had better tell me all over again, for it almost took my breath away to think of your making such an attempt."

"Well, you know I saw it announced in the June number of the *Teacher's Magazine*, that the Sunday Association had offered a prize of ten pounds for the best essay on Self-sacrifice. The competition was to be open to all Sunday-school teachers under twenty-five years of age, and to all senior scholars. There were the usual conditions about the length of papers, and the marking with a motto and sending your own name in a separate envelope, and all that; and it did not seem quite impossible that, if I tried, I might happen to win. So I wrote a paper and sent it in by the 6th of July, which was the date fixed, and now I'm all on thorns waiting for the September *Teacher*, in which the result will be given."

"But, my dear child, perhaps there will be two or three hundred competitors, and some of them will have had many more advantages than you have enjoyed. What chance can you possibly have of winning ten pounds, nearly as much as my half year's salary, by the way?"

Dora looked unconvinced. "Girls do win things," she rejoined. "Only think of Harriet Martineau; she was quite a girl when she won three prizes for essays, and they came to

ever so much money, twenty-five pounds I think it was. I was reading all about it the other day."

"Yes, child, I know, but you are not a Harriet Martineau; however, I don't want to damp your ardour; what motto did you choose?"

"'Dum spiro spero,'" said Dora, with a slight blush.

"Dora, do you know what it means? Why, they will think you care ever so much about it."

"Of course I know what it means, Hilda," replied the younger sister, with still more heightened colour. "It means, 'while I breathe I hope,' and so I do hope, with all my heart and soul, that I shall win the prize. Think what ten pounds would be to me."

"Inexhaustible riches, no doubt. I wonder whatever you would do with it."

"Oh, there would be a hundred things to do with it," smiled Dora. In imagination she had laid out that ten pounds again and again, and she lapsed for a few moments into a happy silence, as she thought once more of possible success.

Hilda and Dorothy were the second and third of Mr. Gerald Evans's five daughters; they were fair, rather pretty girls of nineteen and seventeen years respectively. Hilda had for some time been a teacher in a girls' boarding-school, situated some twenty miles from Wedgbury, the country town where her father

and sisters lived. Dora, who at sixteen had left school, was at home now, and was helping the eldest sister, Lucy, who had kept her father's house since the mother's death, a few years previously.

The two little ones, as their elders called Alice and Emily, the slim growing girls who completed the family group, went to a day school close at home, and added to Lucy's many cares the task of looking after their home-lessons and behaviour, and providing a succession of new or re-modelled garments to supply those that were always becoming too small or too shabby to be any longer presentable.

It was not an easy duty that had been given to Lucy Evans, that of stepping into her dead mother's place, and caring for the sorrowing father and the young grief-stricken sisters, bewildered by the calamity that had come upon them. If Mrs. Evans had had a long illness, if there had been any preparation, any warning of the trouble that was coming, it would have seemed perhaps lighter to bear, but she was taken away almost suddenly: before they had begun really to anticipate their loss, the family found themselves bereaved indeed.

She had been a cheerful active woman, taking everything upon herself, smoothing the way for her daughters, perhaps a little more than was good for them; chiefly anxious that Lucy, in her bright young womanhood, should go out and enjoy herself as much as possible, and that Hilda and Dorothy should be kept long at school and have a good many advantages. As for the two youngest, they were "mother's darlings," they could not believe, for a time, in the dreadful truth that they should see that dear mother no more.

Her death had changed all things. Lucy, some years older than the next sister, was old enough to take charge of the housekeeping, and an arduous charge she found it. Mr. Evans was a clerk in the Wedgbury bank, and though he had some private means of his own, which made the family position better than it would otherwise have been, there was but a narrow income to supply the wants of such a household. It was impossible to keep more than one servant, and when the faithful and experienced Betty, who had been with Mrs. Evans since the first baby was born, turned traitor to her employer's interests, and married an old sweetheart who had courted her persistently for fifteen years, Lucy called aloud for some help in her difficulties.

"We shall never get anyone like Betty," she said to her father, in despair. "I shall have to spend my time getting a new girl into our ways, and it will be impossible for things to go on properly unless one of the others come home to help."

"I daresay you are right, Lucy," Mr. Evans said, rather wearily; in his secret heart he was always regretting the lost wife who had made everything work smoothly and noiselessly, without the appeal for help that Lucy seemed to make so often. "I daresay you are right, but you know you cannot have Hilda. Miss Graves has offered to keep Hilda on as a teacher, and she will be in a way to get her own living then; with so many of you to be provided for that must be considered. It is time Dorothy was leaving school; she may come home at Christmas to help you, and that is all that can be done. You must just manage as well as you can."

With this concession Lucy was fain to be content; she would much rather have had Hilda, and vainly wished that Miss Graves had exercised more discernment and more thought of the home needs, before she had made that unfortunate offer of a teacher's place for her favourite pupil.

"In a year or two Dorothy would have done just as well for Miss Graves," reflected

Lucy bitterly, "but she will never do as well for me as Hilda would have done."

The decision was a blow to Dora too; she had been keenly interested in her school studies, and had fondly hoped for some kind of work in which she might have used the mental powers of which she was perhaps a little too conscious. To go home and help in the housekeeping seemed a very flat ending to her school-day dreams, and she felt quite sure that it would be impossible for her ever to care, as Lucy did, about keeping the parlours and bedrooms in order, or making sure that the daily dinner was to everybody's liking.

"We can't be made only for such a wretched routine as that," she said to herself, in her young rebellion against the life before her. The poor child had yet to learn how a lofty spirit may animate even the humblest acts; how the simple household service may become the expression of the purest and most exalted charity.

But though she shrank so much from the prospect, Dora, when she did return to her father's house, found that her sad lot admitted of a good many alleviations. Lucy was not a very exacting elder sister; she did what she could to make things easy for Dora, and the latter often found time for the hours of quiet study which were her chief pleasure. She was not altogether ungrateful for Lucy's kindness either, and made really honest endeavours to accustom herself to the household works and ways that were naturally distasteful to her.

"All girls should know how to keep house, Dora," said Lucy sensibly. "I will do my best to give you time for your studies, if you will try to help me, and take a little real interest in things."

By degrees Dora did come to be very useful, and as the two sisters worked well into each other's hands, the time came when the experienced Betty was no longer regretted. The one servant Mr. Evans could afford to keep did pretty well under her two young mistresses, and the head of the family could not help being surprised sometimes that there was still so much comfort and order in the house.

Only in one point poor Lucy failed, but that unfortunately was a very important one; she herself admitted that she had "no head for figures," and try as she would, she constantly outran the quarterly allowance which her father made her for the housekeeping, and to pay for the dress of herself and her sisters.

"Your mother had the same money, and she always made it enough, and even saved out of it," Mr. Evans said, with a good deal of irritation, perhaps not making sufficient allowance for the fact that economy is a difficult virtue for young people to practise. "You must make the amount do somehow, Lucy, for, if I give you any more, it will be impossible for me to pay the younger girls' school bills, and meet other necessary expenses. There are ways and means of saving, if you have only the will to save."

Lucy thought all this very hard, and she poured out her complaints to Dora in no measured terms.

"Why don't you have a proper book and keep accounts, Loo, the same as mother used to do?" suggested Dora. "You don't know how your money goes half the time."

Lucy did not think much good would come of adopting this plan. What she wanted was some other source of supply.

"I could do well enough if the money was only sufficient for our necessary expenses," she said in an injured tone, "but it isn't, and I don't know what to do."

"You must cut your coat according to your cloth, my dear," said Dora, "and I do wish you would be advised by me, and keep an account."

After a little more persuasion Lucy consented that Dora should keep a daily record of expenses, and, as every one who has tried it may imagine, this proved a real help. But even Dora was often surprised to find how many things were wanted, and how very difficult it was to get everything out of a certain fixed sum, and to make all straight at the quarter's end.

She cast about in her own mind for some way of augmenting the family finances, and both she and Lucy were sometimes tempted to envy Hilda, with her entire freedom from the domestic cares that harassed her sisters, and her certain, if small, salary of five-and-twenty pounds yearly. "Out of which she has only to dress herself and pay for postage-stamps and things," Lucy said with her injured air, quite forgetting that it would have been very easy for Hilda too to get into debt, instead of being able, as she often was, to make her sisters little presents when she came home for the holidays.

It was just a month before one of Hilda's visits home that Dorothy had seen in the *Teacher's Magazine* the announcement of the Essay Competition. Ten pounds seemed such a splendid sum to her young anxious mind, that she could not help being eager to make some effort to obtain it. There had always been present with her a vague longing to work with her pen, and this unlooked for opportunity seemed to give it strength and shape.

Lucy thought little of the plan, and indeed forgot all about it after the first mention of the subject; and Mr. Evans, as Dorothy had told Hilda, hardly seemed to notice the request his daughter made for permission to enter for the competition.

It was such a common thing for Dora to be scribbling at odd times in the little back bedroom she had to herself, that no one observed how much care she gave to the composition of her paper, and it was all finished and sent away without any family criticism. But Dorothy herself was surprised when she began to think seriously upon the subject, at the multitude and variety of the thoughts that came to her.

"I never knew there was so much to be said about self-sacrifice before," she thought. "It is a beautiful theme, but I must try and condense a little. I must choose only a part of the many things that come into my head to say."

After resolutely altering and pruning, and after copying her paper three times over, she was fairly well satisfied, and putting it up in a neat wrapper she dropped it into the post-office with a light heart, and went home to wait, with as much patience as she could muster, for the result of her venture.

"I must try not to be sanguine," she said again and again to herself, "but there is no harm in thinking what one might do with the ten pounds if it really came. Half of it I would give to Lucy; I have quite made up my mind to that. If she could ever get a little beforehand she might never be in such a dreadful fix about her money again as she is now towards the end of the quarter. But the rest—I might surely do as I like with the rest. I would buy some books, expensive books that I have often longed for; and I would put something by to pay for taking in two or three magazines regularly; then how nice it would be, what a help to me, to subscribe to a good literary circle or correspondence class, or something of that kind. There would be money enough for all, and oh! how happy these things would make me."

Then she smiled at her own reverie and thought herself like Alnaschar in the story, and as far away from the fulfilment of her wishes as that unhappy china-merchant.

(To be concluded.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

R. A. T. says, "Will the Editor in Correspondence give a short account of Dante's 'Divina Commedia'? Ordinary people never seem to know anything of *Beatrice*. Is there any book giving an easy interesting little tale from it in the way that Lamb's Tales do of Shakespeare's plays?"

We are very glad to answer this question, as the study of Dante is a never-failing source of inspiration for the inner life. Thanks to the many translations, the books issued on the *Divine Comedy*, and the lectures delivered in various centres, the love of Dante and the desire to understand his work more and more, are spreading among a class that formerly would hardly have ventured to approach the great poem of the Middle Ages. Carlyle calls it, "The voice of ten silent centuries." It is, briefly, the story told in three books, or "cantiche" of Dante's imaginary journey through Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. Beatrice, the lady of his love, who died, is the inspiration of the whole. He represents her as, from her home in heaven, directing the shade of Virgil to be his guide; but on the summit of the Mount of Purgatory Beatrice herself takes the place of the Latin poet, and ascends with Dante through the regions of the blest.

Why is it called a "comedy"? This has occupied the attention of commentators, one of whom suggested that Dante intended to introduce a "comic" element in the grotesqueness of his mocking demons. Nothing could perhaps be further from the truth. Dante is the last poet to whom the epithet "comic" could be applied, and though he makes free use of the grotesque and the horrible, it is always with a vivid sense of the awfulness and terror pervading the *città dolente* down to the minutest details. In an epistle to one Can Grande, Dante explains that he used the word *commedia* because his poem begins sadly and ends happily, also because it is "meek and humble in style," being written in "the vulgar tongue" (i.e., Italian instead of Latin), and therefore cannot claim the sublimity of tragedy. According to Dante's ideas, this latter remark might have been intelligible in his day, but the poem is really tragic in the highest degree, especially in the "Inferno."

The most literal translation of Dante is by Longfellow, but there are others by Cary, Cayley, Plumptre, and so on. Not one will give the poetry of the original, and for any intelligent girl with leisure, the study of enough Italian to catch the music of this poem is strongly to be advised. The translation can then be used as a secondary help.

Miss Selfe has written a book for children, *How Dante Climbed the Mountain*, which gives the story of his journey through Purgatory. Miss Maria Rossetti's *Shadow of Dante* is a favourite volume. Mr. Philip Wicksteed's *Six Sermons on Dante* are very beautiful. Dante's *Pilgrim's Progress*, with notes by Mrs. Russell Gurney (Elliot Stock), is well spoken of. Dean Church's essay on Dante is most valuable. An account of the love of Dante for Beatrice was given in these pages incidentally in a story called "A Child of Genius" (THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 1895-96).

A superficial observer might say, "Why should we fill our minds with religious ideas in which there is sure to be a great deal of superstition?" If any such foolish question should be asked of one of our would-be students of Dante, the best reply is taken from the poem itself. It abounds not only in the most exquisite poetic imagery, and in the idealisation of womanhood as womanhood never was idealised by poet before, but in

religious thought that transcends all distinctions of creed, and understands the longing of the human soul for God, its Source and its Eternal Home.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

MEDICAL TRAINING.—*My greatest desire is to become a medical missionary. I am now fifteen years old. I have been told that no woman has courage enough to become a really good doctor. Do you think this is true, and that I am wrong in choosing this profession? I have obtained an Intermediate County Council Scholarship, which will enable me to study four more years, and then I might try to obtain a Senior Scholarship, which would enable me to go to the university. The County Council pays the scholar's fees if they do not exceed £30, and also allows £60 per year for three years. How long should I be obliged to study to become a doctor, and what would the training cost?—LILY OF THE VALLEY.*

You are young yet to form any decision with regard to your future profession. But there is no harm in thinking of medicine as a possible career, without, at the same time, making to yourself any irrevocable vows on the subject. Medicine is now an easy profession for any woman to adopt who is without private means. At the same time, if you continue to display the ability and energy in the future which you have shown by winning the scholarship you now hold, you may realise your ambition. It would not be fair to your patients nor to yourself to go abroad as a medical missionary unless you were fully qualified. The London qualification takes five years to obtain, and the fees, if you study at the London School of Medicine for Women, amount to £125. If your home is in London, we imagine that the outlay might be met; but, of course, if the cost of board and lodging must be included, the expense becomes considerable. There are schools of medicine also in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast, in which women can study. You must wait until you are eighteen before you can enter the School of Medicine for Women (the address of which is Handel Street, Brunswick Square), but previously you could pass a qualifying examination. You should write to the Hon. Secretary of the School for particulars of the previous examination, and for an enumeration of those examinations (among which, we believe, is the London matriculation), which are accepted in its stead.

TEACHING LAUNDRY-WORK.—*What course should I take in order to obtain a post as County Council teacher of laundry-work? What would be the cost of training, and what books would be necessary? I am seventeen, and since leaving school, I have assisted my mother in managing a laundry?—MAX BLOSSOM.*

Our advice to you is not to try to become a laundry-teacher, but to obtain such a thorough knowledge of laundry-work and organisation as to enable you to fill a post as superintendent of a laundry. It is difficult to find women qualified to fill such positions satisfactorily, although salaries of from £100 to £200 are offered, frequently with the addition of a house. Many women, to whom the certainty of a good income appeals, are deterred from laundry-work by reason of the long hours of standing, which at present are among the conditions of the industry. But girls like yourself, who have entered the business young, become enured to fatigue, which is insupportable to middle-aged women who have previously led a sedentary life. We recommend

you to take a course of general training in a large steam-laundry, making a special point that you shall be shown the general organisation of the business. It would be worth while for you to offer to pay something in order to obtain this valuable initiation. All over the kingdom there are openings for laundries to be established, and laundries where competent superintendents are required; and it seems a great pity that there are not more women competent to avail themselves of these excellent opportunities. For laundry-teachers the prospect is somewhat doubtful; though here again, the woman who knows the business thoroughly as a trade will be more in request than her rival, who has only learnt it as a manual employment. But, if you resolve to become a teacher, you should try to obtain a scholarship in the Battersea Polytechnic. Miss Pycroft, Organising Secretary of Domestic Economy, London County Council, St. Martin's Place, London, would send you particulars of the examination you would be required to pass.

OUR OPEN LETTER-BOX.

We thank Mrs. J. Holt for kindly sending us the lines inquired for by MARGARET BULGIN.

THE FOX AND THE HARE.

"The fox lay under the birch-tree's root
Beside the heather;
And the hare bounded with lightsome foot
Over the heather:
'To-day is just a day to my mind—
All sunny before and sunny behind,
Over the heather!'
And the fox laughed under the birch-tree's root
Beside the heather;
And the hare frolicked with heedless foot
Over the heather:
'I am so glad about everything!—
'So that is the way you dance and spring
Over the heather!'
And the fox lay in wait by the birch-tree's root
Beside the heather;
And the hare soon tumbled close to his foot
Over the heather:
'Why, bless me! is that you, my dear?
However did you come dancing here
Over the heather?'"

Walter Bryce.

Since writing the above, we have been kindly informed by CECILIA BUCHANAN (Orkney), CYRIL, EDITH J. BENNETT and "AN ADMIRER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," that the original poem is by Björnsen, a Norwegian, and that the lines are to be found in the story by Edna Lyall, "A Hardy Norseman."

In reply to E. A. T., John I. Liddell, Dronfield, near Sheffield, writes to suggest that a verse of the hymn sought for occurs in the Bristol Tune Book, "Pater Omnium," No. 605, and that the first line is not quite as E. A. T. quotes it, but is—

"Onward thro' life Thy children stray."

Guided by this kind suggestion, we find that the author of the hymn is William Whiting, born in 1825, who also wrote the well-known hymn "Eternal Father Strong to Save." E. A. T. will find the whole hymn in the Appendix of 1869 to the "Psalms and Hymns," published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. We thank Mr. Liddell for his information.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

VERA.—Snoring is invariably due to nasal obstruction—not complete obstruction necessarily, but sufficient to make breathing through the nose difficult. This amount of interference with healthy breathing may not be manifest during the day when one is in the upright position, but as soon as one lies down it becomes manifest. Snoring is most common in children because nasal obstruction is most often due to “adenoids,” and “adenoids” are almost confined to children. In adults nasal spurs or a broken nose due to previous injury are common causes. Catarrh of the nose is, however, the chief cause, and a constant accompaniment of this disagreeable habit. To prevent a person from snoring the nose must be first seen to. You say that you are forty years old, but that the snoring is of long standing. We can be certain that some amount of nasal catarrh is present, and so we had better direct our efforts to cure this and see what will be the result. You have been recommended to wash out your nose with salt and water. This is not a bad lotion, but it appears from what you say that you have used it too strong. The best lotion for the nose is that composed of chlorate of potash, borax, bicarbonate of soda, one part of each, and finely powdered sugar two parts. This is a powder. You make the lotion by dissolving one teaspoonful of this powder in a teacupful of tepid water. A spray of menthol in paraffine (1 in 8) used in an atomiser is a very useful adjunct to the lotion.

EMILIE.—You want to know of any remedy other than iron and arsenic for anaemia. You have been treated with iron and arsenic pills, these relieved the anaemia but produced a rash. The rash comes out invariably after taking the pills. Now it is in all probability not the iron but the arsenic which produces the rash; arsenical rashes being by no means uncommon, they are probably due to idiosyncrasy. The omission of the arsenic might therefore prevent the rash after taking the pills. Still, if the iron and arsenic is necessary for your health, the skin is of very third-rate importance. Iron is very seldom badly borne in anaemia; many women say that they cannot take iron because they have taken the strongest preparations of the metal to begin with. The dialysed iron is the mildest of all preparations of iron, and we do not believe that it will disagree with anyone. Syrup of hæmoglobin, a French preparation, is said to be less indigestible and more efficacious than the dialysed iron. It is far more expensive, and we are sceptical as to its superior value. Besides iron, arsenic, myrrh, aloes and various other drugs are used in anaemia, aloes being very useful for its action on the bowels. The tabloids of the red marrow of bone are now extensively used in chlorosis, often with results that leave nothing to be desired, but they are very powerful and may only be administered with great caution.

ISOBEL.—Iron does to a certain extent blacken the teeth, but only temporarily. Even if taken in pills it has this defect, which is partly due to the general action of the drug. When taking iron you should clean your teeth often, and always after taking a dose of the iron. It does not do any permanent damage to the teeth and does not make the gums tender.

A BRIGHT LASSIE.—The question that you ask us is one of overwhelming difficulty. If, as you say, it has puzzled eight doctors, who have personally examined you, it is hardly to be expected that we could do very much for you with anything to go by but a letter. From your account it is obvious that you suffer from one of the functional diseases of the nervous system, either migraine or neurasthenia. You had far better see a specialist in nervous diseases, for very probably something can be done to cure you.

MARTHA.—The best form of applying mustard to the chest to act as a counter-irritant is as a mustard-plaster. To make this, spread mustard on a thick flannel or linen rag and apply it to the chest. Do not let any of the mustard touch the skin. Remember that mustard must be mixed with cold water, if you use hot water the volatile oil of mustard is set free and will set up much too violent irritation. After taking off the plaster apply a rag smeared with cold cream or some simple ointment. The mustard leaves (*charta sinapis*) of the pharmacopœia are less efficacious but much less messy than the household plaster.

ADA.—It is not uncommon for the hair to turn grey and to comb out in young girls. This is due to a variety of conditions of which the chief are affections of the scalp, derangements of the general health, and emotion. To cure it, it is necessary to remove the cause, if possible, and to apply a stimulating lotion or pomade, such as a preparation of cantharides or rosemary. Brilliantine is often very useful for the purpose.

AMY.—Cracked lips are very common in the winter, especially in cold windy weather. In some individuals the lips always split in the centre during cold winds. In slight cases a little glycerine or vaseline will cure the condition, or the following preparation may be used:—Sulphate of zinc, four grains; compound tincture of lavender, one drachm; glycerine, one ounce. In bad cases, running the point of a sharpened stick of lunar caustic (silver nitrate) down the slit is an excellent though rather painful remedy.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

PORC-ÉPIC.—Local examinations in music are held and certificates granted by The Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music (address The Secretary, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.); and by Trinity College, Mandeville Place, Manchester Square, W. Write to these addresses for full particulars.

INGEBORG.—We should suggest that you write to the secretary of the Froebel Society, 12, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C., and ask for full particulars as to Kindergarten training. Your letter is very pleasant to read, and does you great credit as a Danish girl.

HERMA.—We should advise you also to read and study. Your verses are unusually good, considering that you are not yet fifteen, but we only accept the work of experienced writers for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We do not wish you to be discouraged, but it is too early in life for you to succeed in writing poetry on such a theme. We cannot forbear expressing our admiration of your handwriting.

E. A. C.—We are glad your efforts have been of use to your friend. As you ask our candid opinion of your verses, we cannot give them much praise from a literary point of view; but there is a certain earnestness about them which may commend them to some readers. In No. 1, this is a halting couplet—

“Acknowledging our every joy or care
Cometh direct from His hand.”

Your own strictures on verse 7 of No. 2 are quite correct, and in No. 3 we also notice imperfect lines, e.g.—

“And that time when from sin and bondage,”
which is of a different cadence from the parallel line—

“We take a chapter from Nature's book.”

Verses worth reading are seldom written without trouble. The inspiration may be spontaneous, but the execution demands care and work.

HESPERUS.—You have chosen a difficult subject, and one that requires very delicate and cautious handling. We doubt, ourselves, whether in the sudden presence of a lingering and terrible death, the love of life and sense of duty would not assert themselves more strongly than any such feeling as you have described. We consider that you show some power in the sketch, and should advise you, if possible, to practise your pen. In order to improve yourself you should read and study the masters of English literature. If we knew more of your tastes we could advise you in detail.

DANSBORG.—“The Oath of the Benedictine Monk” would be better if your friend had obeyed the laws of metre. She evidently intends the poem to be in the usual metre of blank verse, with ten-syllabled lines such as line 4, verse 1—

“There stands a temple torn from heathen hands,”

but she is constantly forgetting and running into twelve syllables, as in the first line—

“Far in a southern clime by languid sparkling waves.”

“Wotan's Lament” is better, so far as the metre is concerned. Blank verse needs to be especially good from a poetic point of view to atone for the absence of rhyme; therefore it is difficult for an amateur to attempt it. The subjects of each poem are unusually well chosen, and indicate culture in their author.

OPERA (Vienna).—A book called *The Standard Opera Glass*, by Amuseley, contains detailed plots of eighty celebrated operas, with critical remarks, dates, etc. It is published at 3s. 6d., net price 2s. 7½d. Any good firm of London booksellers would procure it for you. As you do not recollect the name of the work you saw advertised in the *Morning Post*, we cannot, of course, tell you whether this is the same; but we should think it would serve your purpose very well.